Last Time

EVER HAD SOMEONE TOUCH YOU AND YOU MELT LIKE CHOCOLATES IN THE SUN?

YES.
YOU DON'T FEEL THAT WAY WHEN I TOUCH YOU, DO YOU?
YEAH... NO. THAT'S NOT US.

MY HEART RACES FASTER SEEING A WAITER BRINGING MY FOOD OUT, THAN WHEN I HOLD HER.

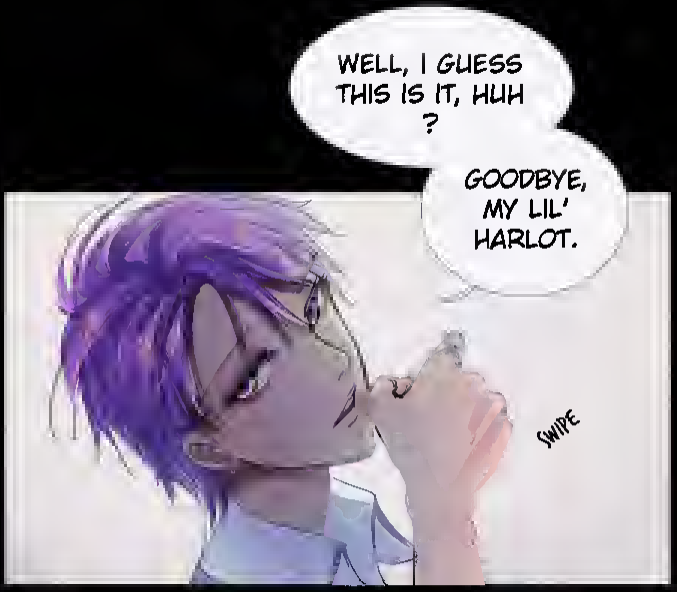
THE ONLY THING WE HAD IN COMMON WAS HOW MUCH WE DIDN'T HAVE IN COMMON. IT WAS PURE PHYSICAL ATTRACTION.

AS TEMPTING AS SPENDING ANOTHER NIGHT IN EMPTY EMBRACES AND VACANT TOUCHES SOUNDS,

YOU
LIL'
HARLOT.

2 HOURS LATER

AHAHAHAHAH
WE'RE SUCH HOS. OH MY GOD.
I CAN'T BELIEVE I LET YOU DO *THAT* TO ME...
YOU BEGGED FOR IT.


WELL, I GUESS THIS IS IT, HUH ?
GOODBYE, MY LIL' HARLOT.
SWIPE

THAT WASN'T IT. LOL.
SHE TEXTED. WE MET UP
ONCE MORE BEFORE BOTH
AGREEING TO QUIT TAKING
THE EASY WAY OUT,

AND GO FIND
THE RIGHT PERSON
TO INVEST OUR
TIME IN.

SNAILORDS

(NOTE: MY 2 YEARS OF CELIBACY
REMAINS INTACT, TECHINICALLY.
HER ON THE OTHER HAND. AHAH~)